WHAT THE CHIMNEY SANG.

Over the chimney the night wind sang. And chanted a melody no one knew; And the workshordpred, and her babe she tome And thought of the one she had long since lost, And said as her tear drops back she forced, "I hate the wried in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night wind saag, And chanted a melody no one knew; And the children said, as they closer drew, "Tis some wisch that is cleaving the black night through,

Tis a fairy trumpet that just then blew, And we fear the wind in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night wind sang. And chanted a melody no one knew; And the man, as he sat on his hearth be Said to himself, "It will surely snow, And fuel is dear and wager low, And I'll stop the leak in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night wind sang.
And chanted a melody no one knew:
But the poet listened and smiled, for he
Was man, and woman, and child, all three,
And said, "It is God's own harmony,
This wind we hear in the chimney."

HERO OF A BOWSPRIT.

On April 12, 1877, one of the most terrific storms that ever visited the North Carolina coast began and lasted for three days, culminating on the 15th off Cape Fear. It was fearfully destructive to life and property, wrecking many ships with their crews and cargoes, and burying them beneath the waves. One large three masted vessel broke up, and parts of her drifted into Smithville bay, a prize for the wreckers, which not only illustrated the force of the storm, but was a curiosity in the strength of its structure.

in the strength of its structure.
"All her bolts," said one who examined pieces of the wreck, "are brass, four, six and even eight feet long; the knees are solid iron, and the outside planking six inches through, and of stout pine."

There were two Smithville pilot boats—
the Mary K. Sprunt and the Uriah Timmons—cruising off the coast at the time
the storm commenced, and finding it impossible to make a harbor they were comthe storm commenced, and finding it impossible to make a harbor they were compelled to stand off and try to weather it out. The Mary K. Sprunt had a crew of five men, viz.: Christopher Pinner, Robert Walker, Charles Dasher, Jr., Thomas Grissom and Lawrence Gillespie, the cook. They were brave and skillful men, but after a desperate struggle, in which all that the most skillful seamanship could accomplish had been exhausted, she went down with all on board.

On the 28th the body of Tom Grissom was found by the pilot boat H. Westermann floating at sea, about nine miles

mann floating at sea, about nine miles out, and the pilots also found the Mary K. Sprunt lying on the bottom, in eleven and a half fathoms, her white sails, torn into ribbons, shining up through the blue depths and undulating with the motion of

the restless sea.

The Uriah Timmons had a crew of four men—C. C. Morse, Julius Weeks, Joseph Thompson, Jr., and Joseph Arnold—and of these Arnold was the youngest, hardly 20 years of age. Every precaution was taken upon the approach of the storm, and, with only enough canvas to steer by, she faced it. All day and night of the 12th she leaped and rolled and dived like a cork on the waves, while the storm increased in fury every hour. Day dimly dawned on the 18th over a howling waste of waters, whose billows heaved her skyward, leaving great chasms, down whose sides she rushed headlong as if to certain destruction. A gray mist shrouded sky and sea, and the storm flend shricked with that unearthly voice which, once heard, is never forgotten. Cowering before the blast, licked from stem to stern by the blast, licked from stem to stern by the tongue of the hungry sea, groaning and sobbing as she strained up the watery heights er slid down the hissing gulfs, the little ship drove on. Although carrying but thirteen yards of canvas, the jaw of the boom was eating into the foremast like a famished ahimal. With the advancing day the fury of the gale increased. It seemed as if the spirit of an angry god walked the waters and lashed the elewalked the waters and lashed the elements in his wrath. A mountainous wave, leading the host of billows, would rush toward the little vessel, and, toppling as if to fall upon and crush her, would lower its crest, and, gliding beneath her trembling timbers, lift her almost clear in air and toss her, toy like, to another huge billow, while the multitudinous ocean roared with rage.

The crew of the Timmons, brave and hardy mariners as they were, and accus-

hardy mariners as they were, and accustomed to storms on the broad water from childhood, stood appalled at the surpassing terrors of this awful scene. Lashed in the cockpit, with vise like grip upon the wheel and drenched to the skin, sat Julius Weeks, who had been there thirteen hours. At last, toward afternoon, to the utter dismay of all on board, the jib halyard parted, and, flying down the stay, the jib hung, bay like, below the bowsprit, and instantly the sea, like a ravenous heast, fell upon it, and held it. hardy mariners as they were, and accusus beast, fell upon it and held it down as if devouring it. The brave boat down as if devouring it. The brave boat struggled hard to lift her bow, thus weighted, from the waves, and with a mighty effort succeeded. Again the sea seized and held the bellying jib, and again the gallant boat, struggled, raised it clear, but with weakening power. The pilots now realized that, unless immediately released from this new and frightful dan-ger, the Timmons could not hold her head up, but must founder after a few more struggles; but, feeling assured that an attempt to reach the jib stay would result in certain death, as no man could ever remain on the bowsprit even if he could

reach it, they were stricken with despair. "We are lost," exclaimed one; "unless we can cut that jibstay we are certainly

gon. A man can't live there, but it is our only hope."

Who should do the desperate deed?
They hurriedly agreed to decide the mat-ter by lot, and were about to proceed to do so, when Joe Arnold, who was now at the wheel, shouted.

"Hold on, men! You are all married and have families; I am a single man; let me try it, and if I go overboad it will be all right;" and, surrendering the wheel the brave boy drew his sheath knife, and putting it between his teeth started for-

It was impossible to keep his footing, and so he crawled cautiously along the deck (there is no railing to a pilot boat), holding on as best he could. His companions watched him with the eagerness men whose only hope of life hung on his steadiness of nerve and physical strength. If he reached the bowsprit in safety, the sea would certainly beat him off, for every time the little craft plunged the waves seemed to leap up to meet her. For the first time since childhood fervent prayers rose to the lips of some of those men who had "followed the sea" all their days without thinking of him whose presence they now realized as they had never realized it before, and tears flowed

freely diswards to be used faces: 318,519

Joe reached the foremast, and just then
the Timmons rolled nearly on her beam
ands. He throw his arm around the mast

and held on. The storm was 10w in describably flerce and the sea tervific. As the vessel slowly recovered herself loosened his rold and crawled toward the bowsprit. At reached it, got astride of it, lotivel ats seems around it, drew a long breath, and then, with a rush, the Timmons burnd her head and Joe disappeared

in the secthing waters. The crew heid their breath in an agony of suspense, while their eyes strained to-ward the boiling foam which engulfed nim. In a moment the stanch craft, as if conscious of the heroic effort for her relief and stimulated by it to renewed exertion, bounded forward and upward through the dashing waters. And on the bowsprit, which was pointing skyward, the crew saw Joe straightening himself into a sitting position, his kuife still held between his clenched teeth, and preparing to crawl still further out. Again and again this scene was enacted, each plunge and rise finding the hero nearer to the object at which he aimed, while the crew fairly sched with the intensity of their emotions.

He reached it at last, and, watching the most favorable opportunity, released his right arm, snatched the knife from his teeth, and with a swift and powerful stroke cut the jibstay through as the trembling vessel started down another sea, restored the knife to its place, again clasped the bowsprit in his arms, and again disappeared—but only for a mo-ment, for the Timmons, now relieved of the weight which held her down, sprang out of the threatening gulf as if with new life inspired. It was a great relief, but the tempest was still at its height, and now both Joe and the crew realized that terprise was still before him, namely getting back to the deck again. It was not like coming down from aloft. He had to repeat the desperate performance back

Slowly, and still astride of the bowsprit, and still alternately plunged into the sea and lifted high in air, he began the fearful task. Every instant was a crisis, every moment threatened to be his last; but slowly and steadily he approached the deck. Finally he reached it, slid along the foremast, clasped it as before, and at last, crawling, laid himself down ex-hausted amid his awe struck companions.

The storm still howled, the sea was still awful, and night was coming on-another night of horrors-but the Timmons carried her head free and a feeling akin to confidence was beginning to take the place of despair in the breasts of the crew. They passed into the gloom of the starless upon that wild waste of waters, clinging to the hope that with the coming of another day the storm would pass. An their hope was not in vain. Gradually the violence of the wind abated-although the sea still leaped frantically—and by the next morning had ceased to be alarming. They looked eagerly for the land, gave more sail, and in a few hours recognized points which assured them that they were off Georgetown, S. C. With grateful hearts they steered for the bar and entered the bay in safety, with no other damage to the Timmons than the loss of her boats, sails and rigging, a fore-mast rubbed almost in two and some

strained timbers.

Joe Arnold still lives and pursues his calling, and he will be greatly astonished if he ever sees this account of his heroism, for he is modest and does not think he did anything worth talking about. The Timmons, too, is still affoat, and as smart a pilot boat as ever crossed Cape Fear bar or cruised off Frying Pan shoals.—C. M. Waddell in New York World.

Christopher P. Cranch relates in The Independent his memories of Webster, Calhoun and their contemporaries, ially in the great Webster-Hayne duello in the senate. "The impression," he says, "Mr. Calhoun made on me, as he sat there, Sphiux like, in his chair, as president of the senate, was that he had the faculty—like Napoleon—of discharging all expression from his face. He must have had immense self control, and was totally unlike the mobile Benton, of Missouri. Calboun, whom I often heard speak, seemed like a man of cast iron. His voice was deep and strident. His personality was very intense. Benton I several times heard. He was very stout and florid, with light, thin hair. manner seemed to me very pompous. He was verbose and grandiloquent, and had a habit of interlarding his sentences with 'sir' to a degree that was sometimes almost comic.

"I once witnessed a tremendously sharp assage at arms between Benton and They were on opposite sides of the senate chamber-else I don't know what might not have happened. Some persona allusions had been made by Benton (I forget what), and then Mr. Clay replied. I shall never forget his tone, attitude and gesture, as he stood there, his tall, commanding figure all alive with fire, and rolled off his fluent and sarcastic sentences, shaking his long forefinger at his antagonist, and glaring across the room filled with anxious faces. I happened to be not far from Mr. Benton, and saw him color and tremble, and even heard him mutter with suppressed rage. Some of the audience feared this encounter (which involved a question of veracity, I think) might lead to a duel, for those were duel days in Washington. But I never heard that anything came of it."—New York

The Boom as It Really Is. Last summer I overheard two men talk ing as they were digging away in the mines and one said: "Jim, they say than is a big bum up at Rome."

'What's that?' said Jim. "Why, hit's a kind of thing what one feller gits nothing for something."

"Why, that's a faro bank or a lettery, ain't it?" said Jim. "No it ain't. I tell you its a bum—a kind of new tradin' business what swells and shrinks, and the sweller and shrinker stave down in a cellar and works the ma chine. They trade in stock."

"Horses and mules?" said Jim. "No, hit's all on paper, and nobody can see what he's buyin'. You put your money in and wait for a swell. If it comes you are all right, but if a shrink comes you are busted, and you feel so ashamed that you don't say anything about it, and it never gets into the papers—nothing but the swell gits into the papers."-Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

Broadway's Well Dressed Idlers. The well dressed idlers who border the sidewalks in front of Broadway hotels shove Twenty-third street every soon ought to be regarded as "Poor Joes,"

and ordered by the police to "move on." Their cigarette smoke, mingled with their often not well chosen remarks and criticisms upon passers by, and the evident desire of many to impress the women. make them a huisance. No gentleman should have the leisure to pose in front of a hotel or any other public place.—New Nork Med and Express. A Rorse's Deliberate Revenge.

"I will just tell you a story," said "fr. ester L. Backus, "about the memory and Foster L. Backus. reasoning power possessed by a horse on my father's farm. This horse was in the habit of making journeys about the neigh borhood in charge of a certain groom, who was coarse, ignorant, low and cruel The horse had been brought up on our farm and was very good tempered and gentle but the groom's roughness and fondnes: for laying on the whip confused him so much that he was not prompt in obeying orders sometimes. Then the groom beat and bullied him. The horse never showed the slightest sign of resentment till one day the groom approached him in the pasture field. The horse was free for the pasture field. The horse was free for the lirst time in the presence of his enemy and he charged the groom. A short halter was around his neck, and the groom seized the and hung on. The horse tried to strike him with his forefeet; tried to bite and kick him. The man dodged and

'The fight was desperate and very exciting. The horse fairly roared with rage. The groom was nearly fagged out, and in another five minutes would have been knocked down and trampled to death, when my father came on the He seized the halter and told the scene. groom to run. As soon as he was gone the horse subsided and was as docile as ever. Now, I am satisfied that the horse deliberately planned to kill that groom at the first favorable opportunity. See how carefully he chose the time and place of the assault. A lonely pasture field where be had his enemy all to himself. He had never shown the faintest sign of viciousness before. The groom kept away from him after that, and the horse never ward was known to exhibit rage. If he had killed the groom it would have been murder in the first degree, for the element of deliberation was there. Yes, sir; horses have reason, and they have memory also.

American Medical Students Abroad.

In regard to the medical education of American physicians compared with those of Europe, I have been struck forcibly by the fact that our students seem to be more practical and better able to grasp and develop ideas than those of European countries. Especially in the operative courses, in Vienna, I have noticed that the American students performed their work more neatly and thoroughly and with greater dispatch than the comparatively slow going Continental members of the class, and that while those from this country had possibly had but a three years' course of study before graduation. yet they were more than the equals of the German students of six years' standing. I think this difference is due to the more practical and thorough methods of teaching in vogue in this country, and l believe it to be but a question of time when, instead of us going to Europe, the continental physicians will be anxious to avail themselves of the facilities offered

in the United States.

The present superiority of foreign over American medical institutions lies in the fact that all their expenses are sustained by the government, but if there was a tendency on the part of the wealthy to endow our schools, whatever doubt there may be as to comparative merit would Regarding surgery. soon bo set at rest. one of Von Bergmann's assistants, a man known throughout the world by his con-nection with the case of the crown prince, has told me, in the course of conversa-tion, that he considered the American surgeon ahead of the world in ingenuity practical ability and in operative technique.—Dr. A. V. L. Brokaw in Globe Democrat.

A Romantle Little Story.

A curious instance, which we think has never before been published, of the admiration which an ardent and imaginative reader may feel for his favorite author, is illustrated in the case of a young man residing in Florida, who had long been an enthusiastic admirer of "Kathleen Mavourneen." On learning that the author was alive and in poverty he visited Balti-more, and found in the appearance and conversation of the old professor all that his fancy had pictured. As he was possessed of some means, and had no ties or living relatives—having lost father and brothers in the rebellion-he remained some time in Baltimore, and finally prewailed upon Professor Crouch to adopt him as his son. By an act of the legisla-ture of Maryland his name was changed to that of Crouch, and the pecuniary assistance which he has since rendered has done much to brighten the declining years of the old composer. The action of this young man forms the latest incident in the strangely romantic history of the au-thor of "Kathleen Mayourneen."—Charles F. Adams in Detroit Free Press.

Skill of Irish Boat Women.

The women of these coasts and islands are as skillful as the men in handling the oar and rudder. They know every sunken rock and dangerous current of the intricate channels between the great island of Aran and the mainland, and take the boats in and out in all weathers. For many years a Grace Darling of this western coast, the daughter of a pilot who lived on Eights Island, went out in storm and darkness with her old father, never trusting him alone, as she knew his weakness for the whisky. This brave girl never flinched from facing the wildest gales, fearing that disaster might befall her father, and the vessels it was his basiness to guide to a safe anchorage, if she were not at the helm. Many a ship's crew beating about between Aran and Owey owed its preservation to Nellie Boyle. Two sisters have taken the post boat into Aran for many years past, their father, John Nancy, being now old and infirm.—Woman's World.

Uses for Oxygenized Water. A German authority recommends bydrogen peroxide for a variety of domestic purposes. Being inodorous and non-poisonous, it is a desirable substitute for chloride of lime and oxalic acid for bleach ing and removing stains of every description. It whitens yellowed fabrics and articles of bone or ivory. It is the best application for cleansing and binding wounds and sores; and has a most bene ficial effect in diphtheria, croup, whooping cough, etc. Bleeding is stopped by its use. A weak solution will remove disa greeable tastes and smells from the mouth, or purify the atmosphere of a sick room when sprayed into it. Pots, pans and wooden vessels may be freed from foul odors by peroxide of hydrogen, and it will sweeten and preserve butter and keep fresh meat for a long time. -- Arkan-

When Turning the Leaves. It is stated upon medical authority that

readers should refrain from damping their fingers in turning over the leaves of library books, as this is a sure way to attract any stray bacilli that may be lurk-ing around.—Chicago Herald. STORIES ABOUT MEN.

The Bulliant Idea That Struck Small Palmer. When Senator Palmer recently took i score of prominent men to the Michigan cluk reunion at Detroit, there were a few incidents of the trip that the senator has thus far kept quiet. Among the diversions offered to his guests the senator suggested a trip to his log house, a few miles from the city. A party was made up, and the keeper of the rural retreat was told to get up a dinner for fliteen persons. But in some way the word got round that Senator Palmer was going to give a "grand spread" at his log house, and when he and his guests started for their drive through the woods they were surprise! to find other v agon loads going in the same

"I think," said the senator, "that it would be safe to raise that dinner order to twenty.

Accordingly he stepped into a store that and a telephone and raised his order to twenty-five. When the log house was d, the senator was appalled to find about 200 hungry and thirsty individuals awaiting his dinner. They were not inter-lopers, but men of distinction in Michigan attending the club reunion, and the senator's natural hospitality inclined him to treat them well.

"But what shall I do?" appealed the distracted steward. "Dinner for twenty-five

and here are 2001" "Can't you kill a Jersey cow?"

"There isn't time." But here a brilliant idea struck the senator 'Why, I'll tell you what to do," he said. "We'll call it a lunch, not a dinner. Dinne for twenty-five ought to make lunch for 200. And thereupon the "lunch" was sprea That it was a success is indicated by the re-mark of one of his Washington guests.

"Palmer," said be, "as a 'dinner' this is ', trifle light; but as a 'lunch' it's the fines! thing I ever saw in my life."—No. York

He Got the Job.

When Amos Cummings arrived in New York, after the war, he had a most excellent opportunity to be a tramp. All he possessed peside a job lot of ragged clothes on his back was twenty cents' worth of postage stamps badly glued together. He wore a pair of battered cavalry boots and about threequarters of a pair of trousers. The place where the missing parts of the latter should have been was concealed by a sunburned army overcoat. In this garb he climbed up to Horace Greeley's editorial den und usked Mr. Greeley for a job. He did not ask to be appointed to either the position of managing editor or foreman. He was willing to do any-

"No place for you," squeaked Mr. Greeley, without turning from his desk to look at the applicant, "don't you see I'm busy? G'way! Scat! Damit!"

"But I tell you I must have a job." Mr. Greeley turned around his revolving chair, and glaring at Cummings, said: "Musti For what reason, young man, do you say must?"

"For this reason," replied Amos, turning his back on Mr. Greeley, lifting the drapery of his old blue overcoat and exhibiting the vacant places where the wild winds had whistled through his trousers.

He got the job .- J. Amory Knox.

He Had a Winning Way. A few years ago the Episcopal diocese of Kentucky appeared to be torn up with dis-sensions about high and low church. The bishop unfortunately allowed his sympathies to be drawn out to one party as against the other, and thereafter becoming disheartened and discouraged, resigned. The present bishop, when called to the diocese, was ded to ignore these dissensions, and if possible to harmonize his people. For some time no one was able to discover whether his sympathies were with one or the other party until, an occasion presenting itself in a social circle, a lady (with the curiosity of her sex) that are your can't find out. Are you high church or low church?" Instantly the bishop replied: "Madam, I am high, low, Jack and the game." There are no dissensions now .- Pitts burg Post.

Two Very Different Relations,

He said that Col. Smith, of Missouri, had twice been an unsuccessful candidate for con-gressional honors before the people. A local politician of some note, whom the colonel had time and again assisted financially, was opposed to him in politics, and therefore worked and voted against him. A few days after the second defeat of Col. Smith for congress he met his friend, who asked him for a loan of \$50.

"Look here, Sam," said the colonel, "how is it that when I run for office you always or pose me, but when you want money you er fail to come to me!"

"I'll tell you, colonel," replied Sam. "Politically I am opposed to you, but financially I am your friend.—Denver News.

A Rather Frank Admission.

At a recent gathering of Unitarians, one speaker recited an anecdote which admits & large and varied application. It was the story of a minister who, preaching on ex-change, said some strong things about far-horses. He was told after the sermon that he had touched one of their best members at a tender point. "Well," said the preacher, "I cannot change my sermon for him." In the ister, who said: "I understand that what I said touched one of your weaknesses. I as sure you that I was altogether unconscious of eakness when I said it." "Oh, do not

Gloom at the Hub.

trouble yourself," said the man. "It is a

very poor sermon that does not hit me some



Young Bostonian (to servant)-Is Mire Waldo in? Servant-Yis, sorr, but she is that sick she

can't see anybody.

Young Bostonian (alarmed)-Is it possibler Has she been ill long! Servant-Iver since the news came about Mirther Scollivan, sorr.-New York Sun.

HOW GRANITE' IS POLISHED.

l'utting a Smooth Surface on the Hard Stone - Methods in Detail.

The form is given to the stone by the hands of skilled masons, in much the same way as is done with other stones of softer nature. Of course the time re quired is considerably greater in the case granite as compared with other stones.

If the surface is not to be polished, but only fine axed as it is called, that is done by the use of a hammer composed of a number of slips of steel of about a sixteenth of an inch thick, which are tightly bound together, the edges being placed on the same plane. With this tool the workman smooths the surface of the stone by a series of taps or blows given at a right angle to the surface operated upon. By this means the marks of the blows as given obliquely on the surface of the stone are obliterated and a smooth

Polishing is performed by rubbing in the first place with an iron tool and with sand and water. Emery is next applied, then putty with fiannel. All plain face and molding can be done by machinery, but all carvings, or surfaces broken into, small portions of various elevations, are done by the hands of the

The operation of sawing a block of granite into slabs for panels, tables or chimney pieces is a very slow process, the rate of progress being about half an inch per day of ten hours. The machines

employed are few and simple. They are technically called lathes, wagons and pendulums or rubbers. The lathes are employed for the polishing of columns, the wagons for flat surface, and the rendulums for molding and such flat work as is not suitable for the wagon. In the lathes the column is placed and

supported at each end by points, upon which it revolves. On the upper surface of the column there are laid pieces of iron, segments of the circumference of the column. The weight of these pieces of iron lying upon the column, and the constant supply by the lathe attendant of sand and water, emery or putty, according to the state of finish to which the column has been brought, constitute the whole operation.

While sand is used during the rougher state of the process, these irons are bare, but when using emery and putty the sur-face of the iron next to the stone is covered with thick flannel.

The wagon is a carriage running upon rails, in which the pieces of stone to be polished are fixed, having uppermost the surface to be operated upon. Above this surface there are shafts placed perpen-dicularly, on the lower end of which are fixed rings of iron. These rings rest upon the stone, and when the shaft revolves they rub the surface of the stone. At the same time the wagon travels backward and forward upon the rails, so as to expose the whole surface of the same to the action of the rings.

The pendulum is a frame hung upon hinges from the room of the work shop. To this frame are attached iron rods moving in a horizontal direction. In the line upon which these rods move, and under them, the stone is firmly placed upon the floor. Pieces of iron ar loosely attached to the rods and allowed to rest upon the surface of the stone. When the whole is set in motion, these irons are dragged backward and forward over the surface of the stone, and so it is

polished. When polishing plain surfaces, such a the needle of an obelisk, the pieces of iron are flat, but when we have to polish a molding we make an extra pattern of its form and the irons are cast from that

South America's Tall Volcano.

Cotopaxi is the loftiest of active volcanoes, but is slumbering now. The only evidences of action are the frequent rum blings that can be heard for a hundred miles, and the cloud of smoke by fay and the pillar of fire by night, which constantly arise from a crater that is more than 3,000 feet beyond the reach of man. Many have attempted to climb the monster, but the walls are so steep and the snow is so deep that the ascent is impos

sible, even with scaling ladders. On the southern slope of Cotopaxi is a great rock, more than 2,000 feet high, called "the Inca's Head." Tradition says that it was once the summit of the volcano, and fell on the day when Atahualpa was strangled by the Spaniards. Those who have seen Vesuvius can judge of the grandeur of Cotopaxi if they can imagine volceno 15,000 feet higher, spurting flames and lava from a crest covered with 3,000 feet of snow, with a voice that has been heard 600 miles. And one can judge of the grandeur of scenery on the road to Quito if he can imagine twenty of the highest mountains in America, three of them active volcanoes, standing along the road from Washington to New York. -American Magazine.

Gladstone Fifty Years Ago

The following is a description of Gladstone, published in a London paper of 1888, the date of his marriage: "Mr. Gladstone's appearance and manners are much in his favor. He is a fine looking man. He is about the usual height and of good figure. His countenance is mild and pleasant, and he has a highly intellectual expression. His eyes are clear and quick; his eyebrows are dark and rather prominent. There is no dandy in the house but envies what Trufit would call his fine head of jet black hair. It is always carefully parted from his crown downward to his brow, where it is carfully shaded. His features are small and regular, and his complexion must be a very unworthy witness if he does not possess abundant good health."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Longest Piece of Ordnance

A correspondent of The Army and Savy Journal asks: "What is the longes" piece of ordnance that has ever been suc cessfully fired?" and receives the follow ing answer: "If you in sade in the term ordnance everything that carries a projectile, we should answer fourteen miles This is the straight tube conveying natural gas from Murrayville to Pitte burg. To clear this tube out, a projectile known as the 'gum ball' was inserted in the end at the gas well, closely fitting the interior. The gas was then turned on full force and the gum ball fired through its full length, coming out at the further and in a few minutes - delatific tree

The Delusion of "Malaria." Another delusion is malaria, so called The word malaria means bad air. The diseases that are attributed to this cause are frequently common in districts where there is no stagnant water or anything else to taint the atmosphere. It will be remembered that during the autumn of 1881 there was an unusual number of people who were attacked by these diseases in southwestern and west-central Missouri and also eastern Kansas, when there had been no rains of any conse quence for months, and that, too, in disquence for months, and that, too, in dis-tricts far removed from decomposing water or any other substance. The cause or causes of these diseases were surely not in the air, consequently should not be attributed to malaria. It is more probable that during the dry, hot weather of summer that the heat that is radiated and the electricity that is generated by the sun have an enervating influence on the system—that from the nerve centers this influence reaches the muscular system, principally through the pneumogastric nerve, and the stomach being the most delicate and intricate of almost any of the involuntary muscles, is the principal sufferer from such enervating influence. Indigestion follows as a symptom, and an increase of bile brings what is called biliousness and malaria.

I hope my medical friends, and I claim many as such, will pardon the presump-tion on my part of the discussion of subject that comes more within their province than that of mine. But this conclusion has been forced from observa tions that reach over a period of many years as a surveyor in the west. I have observed that there were more cases of sickness of this kind during, or immediately after, the season in which there were the greatest number of electric showers or electric disturbances as shown by the surveyor's instruments. I con-clude, then, that heat and electricity are the prime causes of "malaria," and that they weaken the stomach and, in a large majority of cases, produce the dise usually attributed to this cause,

I give the thought to the profession with the hope that it will offend non-Edwin Walters in St. Louis Republic

Caemistry a Delightful Recreation "When a youngster," says Mr. Mat-thieu Williams, "I amused myself by making saturated solutions of alum in hot water, placing cinders, etc., in these, and setting them aside to cool. The cinders became coated with beautiful crystals, and appeared like choice mineral specimens. Baskets and other dein covered wire were similarly coated. Sugar was crystallized, beautiful crystals of sulphur, made by slowly evaporating a solution of sulphur in bisulphide of carbon, and another form of sulphur crystals by fusing sulphur in a crucible or gallipot, breaking the crust which first forms on cooling and then

pitching out the liquid. A nest of beautiful crystals remains. "I refer to these crudities in order to suggest that crystal making should be reinstated as a popular scientific recreation. The alums, which are so numerous and so varied in color, would alone afford material for a little museum; but the amateur availing himself of the achievements of modern chemistry find the field of recreation to be practically boundless and the pursuit both elegant and instructive. Among novelties are the isomorphous double chlorides of alkalies, iron, and of the alkaline earth metals, such as chronium, aluminum, magnesium, beryllium, etc. Their colors are magnificent; some of them are described by Dr. Neumann as crystallizing in splendid octahedrons, resembling large diamonds and reflecting light with similar brilliancy. They are chemical first cousins to the alums referred to above. From these the ambitious amateur might proceed to artificial gems, some of which, now within the reach of chemical skill, are quite equal to the natural specimens."—Arkansaw Trav-

Shrewdness of a Boarder

A gentleman came to me some months ago and, showing good references, said that he had just come to the city, was in reduced circumstances, but had a good situation with a large concern here and wanted a few weeks' credit. This was readily granted, and he has ever since boarded with me, but notwithstanding he has borne himself in every way as a gentleman, he has never yet quite paid me up. When his pay day comes he always pays me a portion of his indebted-ness, but though he has money over for which he has no apparent use, he insista on leaving a balance due until next time. I asked him the other day what he meant by this and why he did not square up. His answer was that he kept behind in his payments on principle—that he did it to insure proper courtesy and consideration in the hotel's treatment of him. He said the little debt he owed me was a constant lever which commanded good attention and further indulgence, on the principle probably that people will "send good money after bad," and that he never intended to square accounts until he was ready to leave. I wonder if the rule of selfishness is at the bottom of all our social and business intercourse, as this man's theory would seem to indi-cate?—Hotelkeeper in Globe-Democrat

No Drug to Cure Insomnia

I have recently met with several cases of insomnia due to over taxation of the American nervous system, and have been requested to prescribe some drug that would be effective to produce sleep and be at the same time harmless.

No such drug exists! There is not one medicine capable of quieting to sleep voluntary life that has been working ten hours at high pressure, except it be more or less poisonous. Con-sumption of chloral, bromide in some form, or opium, has increased in this country to an incredible extent, is still growing, and a large number of Americans go to bed every night more or less under the influence of poison. Sleep thus obtained is not restful nor restorative, and nature sternly exacts her pen-alties for violated law, more severs in these cases than in most others.

Digestion suffers first—ens is rarely hungry for breakfast, and loss of morping appetite is a certain sign of ill health. Increasing nervousness follows, until days become burdens and poisoned nights the only comfortable parts of life.